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Claustrophobia



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Chapter 1 by Mia

The air passed tight through his chest. Filthy, humid, walls closing in. His hands felt his way forward. In the darkness. He heard a scream again and something squelch.

Chapter 2 by Hayley



His heart began to beat faster as he realized he was not alone. He tried to concentrate, tried to pull out the last thing he could remember from his foggy head. If he could remember how he got here, he could remember where he was. And as the walls moved even closer, that memory was of dire importance.

"Hello? Is someone there?" he shouted. His pulse quickened when he heard a response, only to realize it was his own voice vibrating off the walls. As the echo faded, the remaining silence gave him an uneasy sensation in the pit of his stomach. He tried to shake that final sound out of his mind, tried to not think too deeply about what would have made the screams go quiet.

He wished he wasn't such a nervous man. He wished he was braver and more quick witted. He wished he was more like the hero from the TV show he watched at night while eating his soggy, microwaved dinners. If the hero were in his situation, he would be scouring his mind for survival tactics and escape routes. But he could only think of all the ways he could die. There were the walls, but even if their pace slowed, there was only a limited amount of oxygen that could exist in this mysterious container. He might be trapped in here for days, and then he would surely starve. He could have a heart attack from the crippling fear that was devouring inch of him.

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something in his pocket. A small, flimsy square of paper. He pulled it out and held it right in front of his face, but he still could not make it out in the dark.

He desperately groped at the paper. When he moved his fingers across its rough edges, he remembered. A warmth spread over him as he recalled the ticket stub, recalled being at the carnival. He was debating whether or not he would appear childish if he partook in his favorite midway game, the balloon darts, when she approached him. She was a beautiful woman, far too beautiful to be talking to him.

Chapter 3 by Joakim



There was something really strange about that woman. It seemed as if she was changing but how was that possible?

Chapter 4 by Emily Finnegan



His eyes scanned over the woman's complexion. He wanted himself to stop staring, /stop staring/. But as he willed his eyes to divert away from the beautiful woman's face, he found that he could not. The hairs on the back of his neck rose and she reached directly before him. He noticed her eyes, how green they were, unreal like emeralds. He found, staring, that they flickered like a weak television connection. In fact, now, it wasn't just her eyes. The skin forming her face formed scan lines, scarring her beauty briefly before flickering away. The man reached his hand up, tried to force his chin away from the gaze of the woman, but he was stuck. That was when she grabbed his hand from him, smiling gently and her gorgeous, white teeth flickered black & white static.

"You don't really want to look away, do you?" She seemed to say, but her mouth did not move, he only heard it. The words began repeating in his mind, quicker, much quicker, like they were stuck on repeat.

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His heart steadied. This wasn't real. Most probably, he'd hurt himself at the carnival. He might be on his way to a hospital or there already. And it's only a matter of time until he wakes up. "Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three..."

What happened to him? He couldn't remember anything after seeing that woman at the carnival, her image overwhelmed him.

"Forty-three..."

He dared to open one eye, wishing the walls gone.

"You think you will wake up?" the voice in his head wasn't his. "How charmingly naive"

Chapter 6 by Selena Raynee



"Why wouldn't I wake up?" he inquired.

"Presume you're not asleep - how can you wake up then?" the voice in his head laughed.

He opened his eyes and saw that walls moved even closer, leaving almost no free space. What are they made of? He wasn't sure, the gray material could be anything from plaster to concrete. He reached out and touched the wall in front of him: it was soft and cold against his hand. He tried to push the wall away, but it gave way only a bit, as if reaching a solid barrier behind.

"This can't be real, this can't be real," he shut his eyes firmly and began chanting to himself - panic attack returned. "This can't be real"

"Well, I see you're not ready to grasp the situation yet," the voice said. "A pity"

"THIS CAN'T BE REAL"

"I'll be back when you're more sociable -"

The voice faded away long before, but he continued chanting "this can't be real" as if it had some effect on the situation.

Then, infinite time later, he dared to peek at the walls again. Another wave of nausea hit him: he couldn't see an inch into the pitch-black darkness. A waste emptiness enveloped him, forced into deepest reaches of despair. He felt he's getting short on air and tried to breathe faster and faster to catch remaining traces of oxygen... it became so hard to breathe... he started to suffocate... he wished the walls back, at least they were protecting him from the emptiness that was draining all the air out.

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No one answered, no one heard his cries, most probably because there wasn't enough air to scream. As he choked, his mind continued agonizing pleas:

"Save me, oh please, please, PLEASE, save me! Alice!"

Alice?..

(A distant laughter)

Alice. Where did that name come from?

Who is she?

Chapter 8 by intellikat



Alice Wesker.

She was his 8th grade English teacher. She had tried to teach him that the key to a good story was strong dramatic tension that was escalated by continued rising action leading to a climax. Without it, a story would just

PLOD ALONG FOR A TIME AND SIMPLY END FLAT

the end

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